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and yet undaunted, he conceived the idea of founding a station on the southeastern coast, at Zanzibar, in south latitude six degrees. From that point his important expeditions into the interior were made, in company with his lamented fellow-laborer, Mr. Rebbman. The volume comprises Dr. Krapf's own account of his labors, as well as the record of Mr. Rebbman's separate journeys to Jagga, Kadiaro, etc. When it is considered that the region comprised in these various explorations are almost under the equator, peopled by a race of savages whose traits of character were unknown, abounding in fevers and insect pests which are truly terrible, we cannot sufficiently admire the bravery, the tireless pursuit of their discoveries, the self-sacrifices of these two devoted men. That they lived to give to the world the record of their labors and discoveries, is a matter for the most thankful expression upon the part of the Christian world. Hereafter, the names of Rebbman and Dr. Krapf will be associated with those of Livingstone, Barth, Speke, Burton, Vogel, Overweg, Roscher, Andersson, and Magyar, as explorers to whose indomitable perseverance and intelligence we are indebted for the solution of the mystery which so long has shrouded central and southern Africa.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have in progress a "Cyclopedia of Sacred Literature," by Rev. Drs. McClintock and Strong. This work, which its authors intend shall be the most thorough and exhaustive that has ever been presented to the world, in its range of subjects, has employed their hands and minds for many years. To it Dr. McClintock brings the result not only of much critical study, but also of extensive travel over many of the scenes and countries treated of. Dr. Strong is known in this country and in Europe, as one of the most finished Greek and Hebrew scholars now living. They have had, in their labors, the assistance of able American and German scholars; and have spared neither time nor labor to make the work, in its various departments of geography, ethnography, history, biography, and theology, as complete as possible, making full use of the many recent and important advances made in the various departments treated of. It will be accurate in its definition of terms, and in tone thoroughly catholic. In the department of maps and *illustrative* engravings, it is intended to be especially perfect.

"THE HOUSEHOLD OF BOUVERIE."

HERE is a noble novel; it is like a river rushing along in a full and solemn tide, beneath a stormy sky, through which breaks gleams of light from above. You throw yourself upon its current—you are borne along with it—the storm and the flashing light involve you too, sympathetic reader, until the time comes to close the book; draw breath—arise—walk about—speak to your friends, and slowly convince yourself that it is but a dream—that which you felt drawing about you like a reality: *you* never have known the "Household of Bouverie"—you did not suffer with it—no shadow lies upon you; it is but the spell wrought by the singular power and consistency of the author.

Yes, here is a book, written by a woman, which has both power and consistency, as well as the most undoubted originality. It excels in many ways. Through two goodly volumes it never flags in its high-wrought and fully sustained interest. Its characters are as various as they are unique; not the least important personage is introduced who has not a mould and manner decidedly his own. You perceive that it is written by a refined, accomplished woman, of mature powers and large observation, whose refinements and accomplishments are yet not the best part of her; whose heart is true as her soul is great. This is why we have called it a "noble" novel. It is noble in genius, in thought, in knowledge, but, above all, in principle and its power of utterance.

We venture to assert, that neither man nor woman has ever excelled, in character-painting, the success of this author in her principal hero—Erastus Bouverie. The Mephistopheles of Goethe is not so finely *finished*, while it certainly does not excel it in firmness and power. It may be a matter of astonishment to men, that a woman has drawn this masterpiece of subtle selfishness, so consistent in its every light and shadow, with a truth and power usually denied to her; that she has analyzed, too, its very elements—this fascinating incarnation of sophistry, as brilliant and as cold as the diamonds he sought to create, and yet, with that living fire of Will which made him so dangerous. This, indeed, was a personation which a few men might have *attempted*;

but, surely, no man could have given us such subtle incarnations as Camille Bouverie and Lilian de Courcy, or would have attempted them. There is *nothing* like them in the whole range of our fiction literature. We say this in its fullest meaning. No man could have depicted the sublime generosity, constancy, and patience of these beautiful and brilliant women, because it is not in the heart of man to conceive them.

Herein lies the wonder of this marvelous story. One feels ennobled in reading it, to think human nature *is* capable of such things. The love, the faith, the devotion, which consecrates that afflicted household is so beautiful, so Christ-like, that it even protects its evil genius from our hatred. Strangers and aliens, we can hardly condemn, as we should, a person of all other criminals the most guilty, because so selfishly so; yet, his crimes are not glossed over with a false charity, nor made to appear seductively fascinating: no such perverted moral influence stains the book. We abhor the evil, with all our souls, and still we catch the spirit of mercy from the examples of those tender, sensitive, suffering women, who shield and protect the author of their miseries. Although the success of his effort is so great, we can hardly call it the success of art; it seems, rather, a natural exposition of the heart and mind of the highest order of women, too natural for art or studied phrase. There is enough *diablierté*, mystery, novelty, incident, passion, love and marriage, life and death, in this one story, to fashion a dozen exciting novels; and yet, all is so intensified, so exalted by the concentrated purpose and lofty genius of the author, that nothing seems melodramatic or extravagant. It is upheld throughout, and sanctified, as it were, by those womanly virtues so lavishly depicted.

We expected to have found fault with the plot, when we came to the middle of the second volume; but, as we read on, we saw that the genius which had conceived the book was equal to the circumstances it had wrought, and would bear the story, without fatigue or depression, to the final fitting climax. A person of talent might construct as skilful a plot; but this novel savors not of talent merely, but rather of the instinctive, subtle power of genius, which erects its gorgeous palaces of imagination of none the less perfect proportions that it does not pause to measure every inch of them.

We have never read a book which gave a more favorable impression of the personality of the author. The sentiments, reflections, and criticisms incidentally dropped, like flowers along the highway, betray thoughtful cultivation, a varied experience, a sound judgment, and, above all, a true heart. When the heart of an intellectual woman rules equally with her head, or before it, her opinions upon social problems, politics, abstract right and wrong, and the affairs of the world generally, will be found to be, almost instinctively, correct. There are, it is true, very few of such women.

Several poems are introduced into the story: they blend well with the spirit of the narrative, are above mediocrity, and show the same fine feeling which pervades the prose; yet, they do not so irresistibly prove the genius of their author. A volume of poems might come from her, remarked for their quiet beauty; but, if those given here form a standard for judgment, they would scarcely compel that sudden acknowledgment of the author's high rank, which it seems to us must be the result of the publication of the "Household of Bouverie."

This book must be the work of a fully-matured woman. Its faults, therefore, are not those of girlish inexperience. We have the privilege of enjoying such a novel too seldom to pause and pick out minor deficiencies. Its merits are more than sufficient to cover over and obliterate its lesser faults. The effort required for the production of such a story must have exhausted, for a time, even the rich energies of the writer; and we do not look, immediately, for another work so peculiar, absorbing, and splendid.

M. V. V.

THE PERRY STATUE—MOCK NAVAL BATTLE.—The inauguration of a statue of Commodore Perry, at Cleveland, will doubtless be one of the most imposing ceremonies ever witnessed at the West. Among the novelties announced is a mock naval battle. It will be a novelty never witnessed in the West, and will be one of the most attractive features of the day. Application has been made to Secretary Toucey for permission for government vessels on the lakes to attend and take part in the battle, and the request will doubtless be granted. The battle of Lake Erie will be represented—to take place in full view from the banks.

ART AT THE SOUTH.

CHARLESTON, S. C., }
July 10, 1860.

THIS dear, delightful old city—dignified, but always agreeable—is not altogether behind the age in art. How can she be? Her citizens have, from the days of her settlement, been in the habit of passing some portion of their time abroad, and I question if there is a place of her size in these States where can be found so many who are familiar with the choice paintings of Europe, in private collections, and with the splendid public galleries of art found in Munich, Dresden, Antwerp, Paris, Rome, Florence, etc. Our people do not *talk* much about these things; but it is a *fact*, that there were, in Charleston, choice and valuable pictures, brought from abroad long before New-York began to stir herself, and before her Belmonts, Aspinwalls, and Wrights, began their splendid collections. It is not, therefore, surprising that an early effort was made to establish an academy of art here. It was attempted; but, though taste and knowledge presided over the enterprise, it failed, for the *public* mind was not prepared, and the proper "material aid" was not afforded. But, the spirit did not die; and two years ago a new effort was made, which has resulted in great and unlooked for success. Beginning with a subscription list of one hundred and fifty members, at ten dollars each, the association now numbers nearly five hundred. But the chief encouragement, this year, has come from the ladies. They were determined to aid in this noble and graceful enterprise; and, by means of a Fair, sustained and patronized by the most distinguished ladies of the city, they were enabled to place \$5,000 in the hands of the Art Committee.

The Gallery has now some choice pictures, which number will be steadily, though gradually increased, by order and purchase.

At some other time I may tell you of these pictures particularly; but, at present, I leave them to glance at others out of the Gallery, as well as at the artists among us.

Not long since, an original painting, by Washington Allston, was brought here, and found a purchaser at \$2,000, so Mad-

am Rumor says. It was called "Falstaff Enlisting his Ragged Regiment." In color it was cold, and in drawing stiff; nevertheless, it was a curious and remarkable picture.

A few weeks ago, we were startled by the announcement that a veritable "Rubens" was expected, and would be exhibited for a few days. Expectation was on tip-toe, for none of us who belong to the "stay-at-home club" had ever seen a "Rubens," and those who had, were equally excited with the notion that it must be a spurious picture. It came, and was exhibited; and, unquestionably, is one of the finest pictures ever seen here. It possesses all the marks of the distinguished Fleming, and is, with little or no doubt, an original of the great master. An effort has been made to purchase it for our Art Gallery, with what success, I do not know.

Of our artists, I have but a word or two to say. Our revered and beloved Fraser, now bending beneath the weight of four score years—whose works, collected a few years ago, formed a beautiful gallery of art—has laid aside his pencil forever. His portrait, by Flagg, is upon the west wall of our "Art Gallery," and seems to look down upon the pictures there assembled with loving kindness. When Fraser is carried to the "City of the Silent," our community will have lost one of its brightest ornaments. Literature and art will fold their arms above his funeral urn, and many hearts will enshrine his memory.

At the corner of Broad and King sts., Irving's studio is found. A student at Dusseldorf, a pupil of Leutze, an enthusiastic lover of his art—Irvig promises to be a painter for fame. One of his early historic compositions is in the Art Gallery. Though now devoted to portraiture, the time may come when Irving's name, connected with historic composition, shall be as widely known as that of his masters—Leutze and Lessing.

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NOTE.—We should be glad to hear from every portion of the country in regard to matters appertaining to art. We have a thousand artists scattered over the land of whose works we rarely hear, because no one qualified to speak writes to say what ought to be said. We shall be always happy to receive items of gossip or data, and trust those parties whose knowledge of art entitles them to the passing of judgments will keep us "posted."